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POETRY.

[*For the Panola Star.*]

TO ALPHA.

I grieve to think thy heart is sad—
That I should cause thee pain,—
That thy lyre thus, by sorrow touch'd
Should breathe a mournful strain.

If it is so—that thy fond heart
Must ever throb with mine,
Then I will give thee love for love,
And worship at *thy* shrine.

Then Oh, those cruel words recall
Say not that we must part,
For with the hand I offer thee,
Accept a fond, true heart.

M. J.

Panola, Miss.

THE REQUIEM.

We bear her home—we bear her home,
In the quiet grave to rest,
And we hallow with tears the cold damp earth,
That falls on her lifeless breast.

We bear her home—the loved and young,
Late blooming fresh and fair;
Now pale beneath the coffin lid,
As the cold, white rose-bud there.

We bear her home—we bear her home,
Ah! no, in vestments bright
Her spirit already has sweetly flown
To the upward realms of light.

We bear her home—we sadly bear
The beautiful to the tomb,
But we rest in hope of her rising morn,
And her more immortal bloom.

THE PILOT'S REVENGE.

A Thrilling Narrative.

BY SILVANUS COBB, JR.

It was towards night on the 21st of September, 1834, a small English war brig, which had been fitted out for the suppression of smuggling, was lazily creeping along over the heavy monotonous swells, just off the coast of Galway, and on her deck was being enacted a scene of somewhat more than common interest. The day before, she had captured a small boat laden with contraband articles, together with an old man and a boy, who had charge of them; the captain of the brig, whose name was Dracutt, had ordered that the old smuggler should be put in irons. To this indignity the old man made a stout resistance—and in the heat of the moment, he had so far forgotten himself as to strike the captain a blow which laid him upon the deck. Such an insult to an English officer was past endurance, and, in punishment for his offence, the smuggler had been condemned to die.

A rope was made fast to the starboard yard-arm, and all hands were called to witness the execution. The rope was noosed and slipped over the culprit's head, and the running end was run through a small hatch-block on the deck. Until this moment, not a word had escaped the lips of the boy. He trembled as he beheld the awful preparations, and as the fatal noose was passed and drawn tight, the color forsook his cheeks, and he sprang forward and dropped upon his knees before the incensed captain.

"Mercy, sir; mercy."

"For whom?" asked the officer, while a contemptuous sneer rested upon his lips.

"For that old man, whom you are about to kill."

"He dies, boy."

"But he is my *father*, sir."

"No matter if he were my own father; that man who strikes an English officer, while in the performance of his duty, must die."

"But he was manacled—he was insulted, sir," urged the boy.

"*Insulted!*" repeated the captain; "who insulted him?"

"You did, sir," replied the boy, while his face was flushed with indignation.

"Get up, sir, and be careful you don't get the same treatment," said the Captain, in a savage tone.

The old man heard this appeal of his son, and as the last words dropped from the lips of his captor, he raised his head, and while a look of the utmost defiance passed over his features, he exclaimed—

"Ask no favors, Robert. Old Karl Kintock can die as well now as at any time—let them do their worst.

Then turning to Captain Darcutt, he changed his tone to one of deep supplication, and said—

"Do what you please with me, sir, but do not harm my boy, for he has done no wrong. I am ready for your sentence, and the sooner you finish it the better."

"Lay hold, every man of you, and stand by to run the villian up."

In obedience to this order the men ranged themselves along the deck, and each one laid hold of the rope. Robert Kintock looked first at his father, and then he ran his eyes along the line of men who were to be his executioners. But not one sympathising, or pitying look could he trace. Their faces were all hard and cold, and they all appeared anxious to consumate their murderous work.

"What!" exclaimed the boy, while a tear started from his trembling lid, "is there no one who can even pity!"

"Up with him," shouted the captain.

Robert buried his face in his hands, and the next moment his father was swinging at the yard-arm. He heard the passing rope and the creaking block, and he knew that he was fatherless.

Half an hour afterwards, the boy knelt by the side of a ghastly corpse, a simple prayer escaped his lips. Then another low, murmuring sound came up from his bosom; but none of those who stood around knew its import.—It was a pledge of deep revenge.

Just as the old man's body slid from the gangway into the water, a vivid flash of lightning streamed through the heavens, and in another minute the dread artillery of nature sent forth a roar so loud and long, that the men actually placed their hands to their ears to shut out its deafening power. Robert Kintock started at the sound, and what had caused dread in others' bosoms, sent a thrill of satisfaction to his own.

"Oh, *revenge! revenge!!*" he muttered to himself as he cast his eyes over the foam-crested waves, which had already risen beneath the power of the sudden storm.

The darkness had come as quickly as did the storm, and all that could be distinguished from the deck of the brig, save the breaking sea, was the fearful, craggy shore, as flash after flash of lightning illuminated the heavens.

"Light ho," shouted the man forward, and the next moment all eyes were turned to a bright light which had suddenly flashed up among the distant rocks.

The wind had now reached its height and with its giant power, it set the ill-fated brig directly upon the surf-bound shore of rocks and reefs, and every face, save one, was blanched with fear.

In vain did they try to lay the brig to the wind, but not a sail would hold for an instant, until at length the men managed to get up a fore and main storm stay-sail, and then the brig stood for a short time bravely up against the heaving sea. But it was evident that even should she succeed in keeping to the wind, she must eventually be driven ashore, for the power of the in-setting waves was greater than that of the wind.

"Boy, do you know what light that is?" asked the captain, as he stood holding on to the main-rigging to keep his feet.

"Yes sir," replied Robert; it is Bullymore's crag.'

"What is it there for?"

"It marks the entrance to a little harbor, sir, which lies at the back of it."

"And can it be entered by a vessel of this size?" asked the captain, while a gleam of hope shot across his face.

"O, yes, sir, a large ship can enter there."

"And do you know the passage?"

"Yes sir; I have spent my whole life on this coast, and I know every turn in it."

"Can you take the brig in there, in this storm?"

"*Yes sir,*" answered the boy, while a strange light shot from his eyes."

"And will you do it?" eagerly asked the captain.

"On two conditions."

"Name them quickly."

"The first is, that you let me go in peace; and the next that you trouble none of the smugglers, should they happen to be there."

"I will promise," said the captain. "And now set about your work. But mark me, if you deceive me, by St. George I will shoot you on the moment."

The brig was soon put before the wind, and Robert Kintock stationed himself upon the star-board fore-yard-arm, from whence his orders were passed along to the helmsman. The bounding vessel soon came within sight of the ragged crags, and the heart of every man leaped with fearful thrills, as they were swept past a frowning rock which almost grazed them as they passed. On flew the brig, and thicker and more fearful became the rocks, which raised their head on every side.

"Port," shouted the boy.

"Port it is."

"Steady—so."

"Steady it is."

"Starboard—quick."

"Ay, Ay, starboard it is."

"Steady—so."

"Steady it is."

At this moment the vessel swept on past an overhanging cliff, and just as a vivid flash of lightning shot through the heavens, and revealed all the horrors around, a loud shout was heard from the young pilot, and in a moment all eyes were turned towards him.—He stood upon the extreme edge of the yard and held himself by his left hand. In a moment more he crouched down like a tiger after his prey, and then with one leap he reached the projecting rock.

"*Revenge! Revenge!!*" was all that the doomed men heard, and they were swept away into the boiling surge beyond.

"*Breakers—a reef,*" screamed the man forward,—"*Starboard—quick.*"

But it was too late. Ere the helm was half up, a low tremendous grating of the brig's keel was distinctly felt, and the next instant came a crash which sounded high above the elements, and the heavy masts went sweeping away to the leeward, followed in a few moments by large masses of the ill-fated vessel's wreck and cargo. Shriek after shriek went up from those doomed men, but they were in the grasp of a power that knows no mercy. The Storm King took them all for his own.

The next morning a small party of wreckers came down from the rocks, and moved along the shore. It was strewed with fragments of the wreck, and here and there were scattered, the bruised and mutulated forms of the ship's crew. Among the party was Robert Kintock, and eagerly did he search among the ghastly corpses, as though there were one he would have found. At length he stopped and stooped over one, upon the shoulder of which were two golden epaulettes. It was the captain of the brig—the murderer of his father.—The boy placed his foot upon the prostrate body, and while a strange light beamed from his eyes, and a shudder passed over his countenance, he muttered—

"Father, you are fearfully revenged."

The boy spoke truly. Fearful in its conception, and terrible in its consummation, had been that "*Pilot's Revenge.*"

A Fearful Apparition.

FROM THE GERMAIN.

In a very wild and remote region of the Scottish Highlands there stood, on a rocky height, an old fortress.

One stormy evening, in harvest, its lord looked from his window into the darkness, and over the well guarded court of the castle, towards the opposite hills, where the tops of the trees, still visible, rustled and waved in the dark blue heavens. The rivulet in the valley sent forth a wild and strange sound, and the creaking weathercock clattered and brawled, as if chiding the storm.

The scene and the hour were congenial to the mind of the lord of the castle. He was no longer the mild and indulgent master. His only daughter had fled from the fortress with a handsome youth, far inferior to her in birth, but a sweeter singer and harp-player than any inhabitant of the wild Highlands; and, soon after their flight the lover was found dashed to pieces in the bottom of a rocky valley, into which, in the darkness of the night, he had fallen. Thereupon the daughter, by an unknown pilgrim, sent a letter to her father, saying that night having robbed her of her lover, her eyes were opened to her fault, that she had retired to a convent, to do the most severe penance, and that he would never see her more. From this event the lord of the castle had become almost as obdurate as the surrounding rocks, and as unfeeling as the stony pavement of his fortress.

As he now looked from the window, he saw in the yard a lantern move backwards and forwards, as if in the hand of some one who, with tottering steps, stole across the arena. Angrily he called out "Who goes there?" for his domestics had strict orders to admit no one within the walls; and since the flight of the young lady, these commands were rigidly obeyed, it seemed as if lifeless stones alone dwelt within.

To the lord of the castle there came a soft voice:—

"An old woman," it said, "begs some food, noble knight."

But the humble demand was impetuously refused.

"Spy—vagrant witch!" were the appellations showered upon the beggar; and because she did not immediately retire, but reiterated her petition with a fervent, though weak voice, the knight, in the wildness of his wrath, called on his blood-hounds to hunt the beggar woman away.

Wildly did the ferocious dogs rush forth; but scarcely did they approach the old woman, when she touched the strongest and fiercest with a slender wand. The domestics who had come out expected that the savage dog would tear her to pieces, but, howling, he turned, and the others laid themselves down, whining, before the beggar.

Again the lord of the castle urged them on, but they only howled and moaned and lay still.

A strange shuddering seized him, which redoubled when the old woman raised her lantern on high, and her long white hair appeared waving in the storm, while, with a sad and threatening voice, she exclaimed—

"Thou in the heavens who seest and hearest!"

Trembling, the knight retired from the window, and ordered his people to give her what she demanded. The domestics, frightened at the apparition, placed some food without in a basket, and then secured the doors, all the while repeating prayers, until they heard the strange old woman carry away the food. As she stepped out of the castle gates, the hounds moaned mysteriously after her.

From this time regularly, every third evening, the lantern was seen in the castle yard, and no sooner did the strange twinkling begin to be visible through the darkness, and the light steps to be heard to totter softly over the pavement, than the lord of the castle hastened back from the window, the domestic put out the basket of food, and the hounds moaned sorrowfully till the apparition vanished.

One day—it was now the beginning of winter—the knight followed the chase in the wildest part of the mountains. Suddenly his hounds darted up a steep height, and expecting a good capture, at the risk of imminent danger, he forced his shuddering horse over the stony, slippery ground. Before a cavern in the middle of the ascent, the hounds stood still; but how felt the knight when the figure of a woman stepped to the mouth of the abyss and with a stick drove back the dogs. From the silvery locks of the woman, as well as from the restless and low moanings of the hounds, and his own internal feelings, he soon perceived that in this drear spot the lantern bearer stood before him.

Half frantic, he turned his horse's head, buried his spurs in its sides, and galloped down the steep, accompanied by the yelling hounds, towards the castle.

Soon after this strange occurence, the lantern was no longer seen in the court of the castle. They waited one day — several days — a whole week passed over —but the apparition was no longer seen.

If its first appearance had alarmed the lord of the castle and his domestics, its disappearance occasioned still more.

They believed that the former prognosticated some dreadful event, which the latter betokened to be near. On the knight, this anticipation had a dreadful effect; he became pale and haggard, and his countenance assumed such a disturbed appearance, the inmates of the castle were of the opinion that the apparition gave warning of his death. It was not so.

One day as was his custom, the knight rode to the chase, and in his present distraction of mind, he approached, unaware, that part of the country where the old woman with the white hair had appeared to him, and which he from that time had with great care avoided. Again the dogs sprung up the height, howling, and looked fearfully into the cavern. The affrighted baron in vain called them back. They stood as if fascinated on the dreadful spot; but on this occasion no one appeared to chase them away. They then crept into the cavern, and from its dark bosom the knight still heard their moanings and cries.

At last he summoned resolution, sprung from his horse, and with determined courage, clambered up the steep height. Advancing into the cavern, he beheld the hounds crouched round a wretched mossy couch, on which the dead body of a woman lay stretched out.

On drawing near her, he recognized the pure white hair of the formidable lantern bearer. The little horn lantern stood near her, on the ground, and the features were those of his only child.

More slowly than the faithful hounds who from the beginning had known their young mistress, did the unhappy knight become aware of whom he saw before him; but to dissipate every doubt, there lay on the breast of the dead body, a paper, on which, with her own blood, her hand had traced the following words:

"In three nights the wanderer's hair became white through grief for the death of her lover. She saw it in the brooks. Her hair he had often called a net, in which his life was entangled. Net and life were both by one stroke destroyed. She then thought of those holy ones of the church, who in humility have lived unknown and despised beneath the parental roof, and as a penance, she has besought alms from her father's castle, and lived among the rocks from which her lover fell. But her penance draws near its end, the crimson stream fails. Ah! fath—"

She would have written "father," but the stream was exhausted, which, with unspeakable sorrow, the knight perceived had issued from a deep wound in her left arm.

He was found by his servants near the corpse, in silent prayer, his hounds moaning sadly beside him. He buried his daughter in the cavern, from which he never afterwards came out. The unhappy hermit forced every one from him; his faithful dogs alone he could not drive away; and mournfully they watched together by the side of their young mistress, and beside their sorrowing lord, and when he also died, their sad howlings first made it known to the surrounding country.

Hints to Husbands.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter, though you may never think of it again.

Do not speak of some virtue in another man's wife, to remind your own of a fault.

Do not reproach your wife with personal defect, for if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal.

Do not treat your wife with inattention in company. It touches her pride—and she will not respect you more, or love you better for it.

Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third person. The sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her from acknowledging her faults.

Do not entertain your wife with praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women.

Do not too often invite your friends to ride and leave your wife at home. She might suspect that you esteemed others more companionable than herself,

If you would have a pleasant home and cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof.

Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for your sociability elsewhere.

Remember that your wife has as much need of recreation as yourself, and devote a portion, at least, of your leisure hours, to such society and amusements as she may join. By so doing, you will secure her smiles and increase her affections. Do not, by being too exact in pecuniary matters, make your wife feel her dependence upon your bounty. It tends to lessen her dignity of character, and does not increase her esteem for you. If she is a sensible woman, she should be acquainted with your business and know your income—that she may regulate her household expenses accordingly. Be it remembered that pecuniary affairs cause more difficulties in families than any other one casue. Your wife has an equal right with yourself to all you possess in the world therefore she should be made acquainted as nearly as possible with that which is of great importance to both. Do not withhold this knowledge in order to cover your own extravagance. Women have a keen perception—be sure she will discover your selfishness—and though no word is spoken, from that moment her respect is lessened, her confidence diminished, her pride wounded, and a thousand, perhaps unjust, suspicions created. From that moment is your domestic comforts on the wane.

The Affections.

There is a famous passage in the writings of Rosseau, that great delineator of the human heart, which is as true to human nature as it is beautiful in expression.

"Were I in a desert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections. If I could do no better, I would fasten them on some sweet myrtle, or some melancholy cypress to connect myself to; I would court them for their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection. I would write my name upon them, and declare that they were the sweetest trees throughout all the desert. If their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them."

Such is the absolute necessity which exists in the human heart of having something to love. Unless the affections have an object, life itself becomes joyless and insipid. The affections have this peculiarity, that they are not so much the means of happiness, as their exercise is happiness itself. And not only so, if they have no object, the happiness derived from our other powers is cut off. Action and enterprise flag, if there be no object dear to the heart, to which those actions can be directed.

A Portrait.

Love smiled on her dimpled lips; it reposed on her open brow; it played in the profuse and careless ringlets of darkest, yet sunniest auburn that a breeze could lift from her delicate and virgin cheek. Love, in all its tenderness, murmured in her low melodious voice; in all its kindness, unsuspecting truth; love colored every thought in all its symmetry and glorious womanhood; love swelled the swan-like neck and moulded the rounded limb.

She was just the kind of person that takes the judgment by storm; whether gay or grave, there was so charming and irresistible a grace about her. She seemed born, not only to captivate the giddy, but to turn the head of the sage. In her arch smile, the pretty toss of her head, the half shyness, half freedom of her winning ways, it was as if nature had made her to delight one heart, and torment all others.

SPIRITUAL KNOCKINGS.

A story of the knockings was told us recently, which we think too good to be lost, and therefore give it a start.

In the Western portion of New York, the spiritual manifestations have created considerable excitement. Among the subjects of this excitement was a simple man, of middle age whose bumps of marvellousness and reverence were equally large. He was of course superstitiously religious, and the knockings, of which he had taken eager occasion to be a witness, impressed him with the utmost awe.

The man's wife, however was a very different kind of being. She scouted the spirit, laughed at her husband, and took every occasion to rally him upon what she deemed his special weakness.

One morning after the old man, had been out to hear the knockings, the rememberance of which had stolen away a night's rest, he arose early, as was his wont, to make a fire. The wife was awake, and determined on having some fun. So raising herself on her elbow, she regarded her husband, not more than half dressed, certainly, as he kneeled at the stove, and abstractedly poked among the ashes.

The wife applied her knuckles to the head board of the bed; rap-rap-rap!

The victim started, with his hair on end, and peeped anxiously over the stove.

Rap-rap-rap!

He began to tremble, and anxiously faltered out, "is this a spirit?"

Rap-rap-rap!

Does the spirit wish to communicate with me?

Rap-rap-rap!

Spirit, art thou on an errand of mercy to me?

Rap-rap-rap!

Spirit, what wilt thou have me to do?

Make up that fire you infernal old fool you!" shouted his wife, with mingled mirth, anger and disgust, as the trembling husband turned around and saw the saucy creature, regarding him calmly, with eyes that entirely overshadowed the fear of spirits. He was mum.

Who ever felt the breath from the lungs of a chest of drawers?

The most polite parts of a ship are the bows and gallant yards.